

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. II.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1893.

No. 1

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second
class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. W. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

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EVERY DAY IS A FRESH BE- GINNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days,
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecast and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

ONE FLOCK AND ONE SHEPHERD.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold:
them also I must bring, and they shall hear my
voice; and there shall be one flock and one shep-
herd."—JOHN X. 16.

Who can measure the multitude of
thoughts which have circled round this
saying of Christ's? It has always given
man new life and beauty and thought when
he has been worthy to receive it. Has it
not always lifted you into the world of im-
aginative feeling where the divine beauty

gleams, and then built up around you that
infinite world of love of which we know so
little and feel so much, but of which in
those rare hours when we see it face to face
we say: This is eternity?

And in truth, above all things else in this
saying, there is in it the power of infinity.
We see into the central heart of Christ, and,
standing with him there, look forward with
him over the immortal landscape of a re-
deemed and eternal humanity. Out of the
illimitable love of his heart, of which we
are conscious as we hear these words, we
see issuing the illimitable power of his
Father to redeem us, and then the illimita-
ble result— one flock, one shepherd.

I speak first of the genesis of the saying.
Christ has been telling in two parables
of the shepherd and the sheep; of himself
as shepherd, of his one flock and fold among
the Jews, of those who, hearing their shep-
herd's voice, had followed him and were his
own. And then he paused, or so it seems
to me, and was silent for a time, and ceased
to look at the disciples. And in his eyes,
as I picture to myself the scene, rose that
far-off look, so often his, which was so inex-
plicable to the apostles—the look of one who
saw opening before his eyes the endless
future. And while they were silent and
wondered, suddenly, as if in a soliloquy,
dropped out these strange and beautiful
words, the revelation of his inmost soul,
the prophecy of a perfect result. What
tongue could tell the beauty of the face of
Christ, the wonder of his eyes, when this
secret joy rose out of the depths of his
heart and transfigured him—the joy of the
vision at the end, of one flock and one
shepherd?

What did he see? He saw the Gentile
world redeemed. Other sheep I have—
other than the Jews—who are mine, whom
I must bring, who shall hear my voice.

Keep close to the heart of Jesus, and,
when the old spirit of the apostles that

would call down fire on those who refused Christ arises in your heart, or the violence of exclusion fills your mind, think of him when, standing quietly in the midst of the Jews, infinite love swelled in his soul, and say to yourself, "Other sheep I have, not of this fold."

The lesson is deeper still as we read on. The moment he saw the far-off sheep, he felt himself bound to make them his own. "Them also I must bring." "They shall be mine," he cried, in spite of all their resistance. "I will love them till they yield to me. Over a thousand hills and through all the desert places of mankind I will seek them, and bring them back on my shoulders rejoicing, and all the angels of heaven shall have joy over those that were lost and are found again. For they shall hear my voice. They shall hear, if not now, then afterwards. No living soul shall resist the pertinacity of my love." Oh, what fine daring, what conquering love! There he stood, a poor Jewish teacher, unknown to the great world that swayed around him, despised and rejected of those who knew him, his name known afterwards to Roman and to Greek only as one who was slain by Pilate as a disturber of the peace. Yet, all the time there lay deep in his heart the godlike confidence that all the world of men, past, present, and to come, should hear God's voice and be folded in God's goodness.

It was a confidence based on his faith that he spoke the very thoughts of God. When he said, "I *must* bring them," he expressed the root idea of God with regard to man. The nature of a father contains within it the natural duty of saving his son from evil. There is an imperative in the Fatherhood of God. He must bring back his wandering children. It is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. He would cease to be a Father if he did not do it; and, if God were to cease from Fatherhood, he would be no longer the God whom Christ revealed. God must save all his children. "They *shall* hear my voice." All men at last shall obey that cry of God through Christ.

This is the faith which saves life from gloom and lifts it into joy, such joy as we can have, conscious as we are of our own sin, conscious of the woe and crime of men. Were it not for this certainty in the

bosom of God, were it not for this "must be" in his nature, we might indeed despair, so cruel are the strong, so sinful are the weak, so ghastly are the sorrows wrought by ignorance and poverty, so dark are our own hearts, and so feeble our steps to good. But out of despair no good ever comes—nothing but the sin of Judas; and out of faith in God's sovereign love, rooted in God's duty to his children, at least comes that capacity for action, that inspiration and hope which exalts the actions and deepens the emotions of life.

And the result of this work? There shall be one flock and one shepherd. There is no such word as fold in the original, and "fold" spoils the whole force of the conception. There shall be one flock and one shepherd—that is what Christ said. No need, then, for a secluded fold, for all the universe of God will be the fold of the redeemed. There will be no more enclosures, no spaces set apart for a favorite few, for all shall know him from the least to the greatest; but there will be one flock, united, universal; one mankind, under one shepherd, bound together by the love of all to their Guide and caretaker; one spirit filling all and binding all together.

What? All our divisions at an end, all our angers and hatreds done with, all our quarrels healed, all our wars of opinion and classes and nations lost in the great whole of love? Yes; all—for all shall be in God, and God is love.

Ye who think of him too exclusively as the lamb led to the slaughter should think of him also as the shepherd who bears rejoicing on his shoulder into peace of righteousness the wandering sheep of all the world. That was his joy. It should be ours also to look forward to it. We love Christ for revealing it to us. We love all men, so worthy do they now become through that revelation. And faith as the root of our joy, and love as its practice, are bound up with the hope, that is certainty, of the absolute fulfilment of the golden age of man.

Many poets, many prophets, have had that dream, each for his own nation or for his own Church; but unto none until Jesus came was given the grace to see the future unity in the actual divisions of men, to see all mankind one flock following one shepherd.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

THE STILL HOUR.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart
should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

Oh God! the centre of all pure spirits,
the everlasting goodness, we come to thee.
Thou art the happiness of heaven; and thy
presence felt by the soul that communes
with thee is the highest good. Ignorant of
thee we know nothing aright; wandering
from thee we lose all light and peace; for-
getting thee we turn our minds from the
noblest object of thought; and without love
to thee we are separated from infinite loveli-
ness, and from the only substantial and suffi-
cient source of joy. Thou hast an inexhaus-
tible fulness of life; and thine increasing
communications take nothing from thy
power to bless. Thou art infinitely better
than all thy gifts, and through all we desire
to rise to thee.

We thank thee for the proofs thou
givest of thy essential, pure, and perfect
benignity; so that through all clouds and
darkness we can see a gracious father. In

this world of shadows, this fleeting tide of
things, this life of dreams, we rejoice that
there is a reality, sure, unchanging, in which
we may find rest; that there is a power
which can cleanse us from all sin, raise us
to all virtue and happiness, and give us end-
less growth.

How great is our privilege, that we have
such an object for our hope and trust,—that
our souls may contemplate infinite loveli-
ness, greatness, goodness,—that we may at
all times commune with the Best of Beings!

For thy inviolable faithfulness, thy im-
partial justice, thy unerring wisdom, thy
unfathomable counsels, thy unwearyed care,
thy tender mercy, thy resistless power, we
adore thee. For the splendor spread over
all thy works, and still more for the higher
beauty of the soul, of which the brightness
of creation is but the emblem and faint
shadow, we thank thee. Oh, let thy love
affect our hearts, let us feel its reality, con-
stancy, tenderness! To thee we owe all.
Thine is the health of our bodies, the light
of our minds, the warmth of affection, the
guiding voice of conscience. Whatever
knowledge or virtuous impressions we have
derived from the society of friends, the con-
versation of the wise and good, the care of
instructors, the researches of past ages, we
desire to trace gratefully to thee. We re-
joice that we depend on thee, the Father of
Spirits, whose requisitions are so reasonable,
whose government is so mild, whose influ-
ences are so ennobling. How unspeakably
great is thy goodness! And all our other
blessings are as nothing, when compared
with the sublime, pure, infinite glory, to
which we are called by the gospel of thy
Son.

May Christ be precious to us; teach us
his worth, his glory, so that we may love
him and rejoice in him with joy unspeak-
able. May a sense of the greatness of the
evils from which he came to deliver, and of
the blessings which he can bestow, excite
our sensibility, gratitude, desire, and lead
our minds to dwell on him.

Let sin be our greatest burden; may all
life's ills seem light in comparison with it;
may we groan for deliverance from it, and
be more earnest in resisting it than in resist-
ing all other evils; and may we welcome
Christ as our Saviour from it.—*William
Ellery Channing (1814).*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.]

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR GIVERS AND RECEIVERS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

[The title of the book "In His Name" used in the above notice in previous numbers of this paper has been misunderstood to be a password of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. It was the interesting little book by Dr. E. E. Hale, which we took as an example, supposing that most of our readers were familiar with it, by name at least.]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Mrs. L. M. Richards, 3 Colchester Street, Longwood, would like to send the *Review of Reviews* regularly every month to some one who will appreciate it.

Back numbers of *Harper's Monthly* are offered by Mrs. G. W. Kent, 46 Richard Street, Worcester, Mass.

The Woman's Journal is offered by Mrs. Getchell, 74 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals is offered by Mrs. Wm. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass. Mrs. Nichols also offers the following list of books contributed by the Allston Branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange: "Middlemarch," George Eliot; "Pretty Miss Neville"; "Signor Monaldini's Niece," M. A. Tincker; "Stepping Heavenward," E. Prentiss; "Vanity Fair," "Denis Duval," Thackeray; *Woman's Journal*, 1892; *Household*, January to July, 1890; "Allerton Towers"; "A Dreamer"; "Endymion," B. Disraeli; "Hypatia," C. Kingsley; "Little Moorland Princess"; "For Cash Only," J. Payn; "No New Thing," W. E. Norris; "Giant's Robe," F. A. Guthrie; "The Old Courtyard"; "Dark Inheritance"; "Belial"; *Cottage Hearth* for 1889 and 1892; *Youth's Companion* for 1889, 1890, 1891; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1891; *Review of Reviews*, January to November, 1891, and three numbers of 1890; "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley; "Robert Burns"; "Oliver Goldsmith"; "John Bunyan"; "Data of Ethics," H. Spencer; "Life of Christ," F. W. Farrar; *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, 1889; *St. Nicholas*, 1885 and 1886; "Progress and Poverty," H. George; "Silas Marner," George Eliot; "Indian Summer," Howells; "Past and Present," Carlyle; "Anna Karenina," Tolstoi; "Pickwick Papers," Dickens; "Gates Ajar," Phelps; "Winifred Bertram," E. Charles; *New Nation* (weekly); "Robert Elsmere," M. A. Ward; *Unitarian Review*, from March, 1891, to December; "Sermons of M. J. Savage"; "Count of Monte Cristo," Dumas; "Thirlby Hall," W. E. Norris; "Bertrams," A. Trollope; "Susan Drummond"; *Harper's Monthly*, 1889 and six months of 1888; *Century*, from January to October, 1887; *Dumb Animals*, 1888, 1889, 1892; *Unitarian* for 1887, 1888, 1889, 1891, and 1892; *Independent*, 1892; *Epworth Herald*, 1892.

The following paper-covered books are offered by Mrs. F. W. Aymar, 1187 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.: "Donald Ross of Heimra," by William Black; "The Search for Basil Lyndhurst," R. N. Carey; "One

Reason Why," Beatrice Whitby; "The Sublime and Beautiful," Edmund Burke; "A Woman's Heart," Mrs. Alexander; "Gun-maker of Moscow," Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; "Highest References," Florence Warden; "The Railway Man and his Children," Mrs. Oliphant; "It never did run Smooth," Mrs. Jane G. Austin; and four books of short stories.

Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass., offers "In the Golden Days," Edna Lyall.

The Bicycling World is offered by Mrs. Henry F. Smith, Concord, Mass.

I have recently received the April number of *The Cheerful Letter*, and am very much pleased to find out that such a noble work is being done to brighten the lives of so many people.

I have sent my name to Miss Langmaid as one who desires to join the Exchange, and will send to you the names of the books which I would like to send to the Exchange; *The Every Other Sunday* as it comes out; a number of very fine Unitarian sermons; "Mona's Choice," Mrs. Alexander; "Won by Waiting," Edna Lyall; "The First Violin," Jessie Fothergill. Yours very truly, Daisy E. Rexford, 249 Public Street, Providence, R.I.

I have a set of the *New England Magazine* for 1892, one of *Scribner's* for 1892, and a considerable number of odd magazines of a similar character. I should be glad to have them of some service. Address Miss Caroline A. Sanger, 48 Mount Vernon Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

The Lowell Branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers the following books, one copy of each: "Pleasures of Life," Sir John Lubbock; "Sister Dora," a biography; "Bede's Charity," by Hesba Stretton (a lovely story); "Nancibel," "Prince Fortunatus," "A Daughter of Heth," "Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," William Black; "Guardian Angel," Dr. Holmes; "My House, an Ideal," Oliver Bunce; "John Wentworth," "At an Old Chateau," Katharine Macquoid; "A March in the Ranks," Jessie Fothergill; "Phra, the Phœnician," Edwin Arnold; "Last of the Mohicans," Cooper (two copies); "Deemster," "Bondman," Hall Caine; "Silas Marner," "Sad Fortunes of Amos

Barton," George Eliot; "John," Mrs. Oliphant; "Soldiers Three," Kipling; "Jackanapes," Mrs. Ewing; "What's Mine's Mine," George Macdonald; "The Tinted Venus," Anstey; "Dark Days," Conway; "The Parisians," Lord Lytton; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Ward (four copies); "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Walter Besant; "The Evil Genius," Wilkie Collins; "King Solomon's Mines," Rider Haggard; "Ginx's Baby"; "Black Beauty"; "San Rosario Ranch," Maud Howe; "Our Two Lives, or Graham and I"; "Kenilworth," Scott; "Last Days of Pompeii," Bulwer. Also these magazines: *Century*, 1886; *St. Nicholas*, 1890; *Wide-Awake*, three years, not complete; odd numbers of *Harper's*, *Scribner*, *Century*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Cottage Hearth*, *Lippincott*, and *Good Housekeeping*. Address Miss Helen A. Whittier, 38 Kirk Street, Lowell, Mass.

The following paper-covered books are offered by Mrs. R. F. A. Williams, Abington, Conn.: "The Lost Banknote"; "Guy Livingstone"; "One of the Family"; "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; "Sabina Zembra"; "Christie Johnstone"; "Mr. Potter of Texas"; "Princess Sophia Adelaide"; "Sketches by Boz"; "Pictures from Italy"; "Christmas Stories"; "Tale of Two Cities." Mrs. Williams says, "I wish I could do more in return for the cheer *The Cheerful Letter* has brought to me. Its name is very fitting. We wish it much success in its mission of making the world brighter to those who have few opportunities."

H. W. Fooshee, Naples, Ill., offers the following old school-books to any one who desires them, and who will pay express or postal charges: McGuffey's Fourth and Fifth Readers and "Rhetorical Guide"; Watson's "Independent Fourth Reader"; Clark's "Normal Grammar"; Walton's "Written Arithmetic"; Ray's "Higher Arithmetic."

"The Child's Garden," *The Youth's Companion*, and *Unity* are offered by Mrs. L. S. Doolittle, 1925 I Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Harper's Monthly is offered by Mrs. M. H. Totten, 1708 I Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Woman's Journal is offered by Mrs. F. W. Clark, 1612 Riggs Place, Washington, D.C.

A copy of the *Christian Register* as it comes out is offered by Mrs. George W. Collin, Cohasset, Mass.

The "In His Name" Circle of Cambridge have the following contributions to offer to *The Cheerful Letter: The Youth's Companion* for 1891 and 1892 (nearly complete), current numbers of the *Christian Register*, odd numbers of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, odd numbers of *The Youth's Companion*, and a large number of copies of the *Sunday School Times* for 1892 and 1893. Yours truly, (Miss) C. Florence Smith, Sec'y. I. H. N. Circle, 95 Columbia Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The Young People's Club of the Austin Street Unitarian Church, Cambridge, offer the following books. Applications may be sent to Miss S. Brooks, 28 Inman Street, Cambridgeport. *Century Magazine*, odd numbers of 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1890; *Ladies' World*, 1892; *Harper's Monthly*, 1886; odd numbers of *Youth's Companion*; odd numbers of *Christian Union*; *Unitarian* for 1891 and 1892; *Atlantic*, 1886 (nearly complete); "That Queer Girl," Town; "Sunbeam Stories"; "The Little Minister," Barrie; "Robert Elsmere," Ward; "Our Bessie," R. N. Carey.

Mrs. Henry C. Weston, 177 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., will give and send the following books: "Life of Edmund Burke," John Morley; "Life of Daniel Defoe," William Minto; "Life of Robert Burns," Shairp; "Life of Ezra Stiles Gannett," William Gannett; Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe"; "Triumphant Democracy," Andrew Carnegie; "Intellectual Philosophy," Wayland; Frost's "British Poets, from Falconer to Scott"; Gladstone's "Englishman in Kansas"; "Notes on Cuba," Wurdeman; "Men, Women, and Ghosts," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Friendship of Women," W. R. Alger; "The Forms of Water," Tyndall; "The Near and Heavenly Horizons," Gasparin; "History of Rome," from the German; "Sermons," F. W. Robertson; "Enoch Arden," Tennyson; and the following novels, "Commander Mendoza," "Children of Destiny," "A Sister's Sin," "Marian Grey"; odd numbers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, *The Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, and of *Life*.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—It is earnestly requested that no one send money to Mrs. Anna May, Cinnaminson, N.J., without consulting the editor. A letter from Mrs. May, without signature, was printed in our May number; but it is possible that some of our members have received letters directly from her.

Mrs. E. C. Jenkins, 538 Broad Street, Beloit, Wis., writes: "I will gladly send some reading matter to all who will write me and give their full address plainly. I have papers that could be sent to Christians and to those who are not Christians."

Those who offer books frequently receive notes saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.

Miss Clarke regrets that she has no more copies of "Stepping Heavenward." This has proved a very popular book, and she hopes others will offer it. She desires also to explain that she often receives thanks for sending *The Cheerful Letter*, when, in fact, the paper is sent by some one else, and the thanks are undeserved by her.

There has been an excellent little pamphlet prepared by Rev. G. W. Cooke, containing a plan for studying the life of Columbus and the early history of America. Would not some of our Cheerful Letter Exchange members like to give this to students and readers at a distance from books and libraries? To be obtained at 25 Beacon Street. Price 5 cents.

Miss Jessie D. Bishoprick, fifteen years old, 107 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., would like to correspond with some lonely girl of her own age, and to send her reading, etc. Write directly to Miss Bishoprick.

"Every Other Sunday," as it comes out, is offered by the publishers. Address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Mrs. L. M. Stewart, Penza, Ohio, asks for "Little Men" and "Little Women" for her boy and girl.

Mrs. J. B. Davis, Parachute, Garfield Co., Col., asks for the *North American Review* or *Harper's Monthly*. She says, "I get very

lonely here, and reading matter costs so much that any good reading is a blessing. I am living on a ranch ten miles from the post-office and railroad and with very few neighbors. Any Unitarian papers and pamphlets will be thankfully received."

(The Unitarian is being sent her.)

R. H. Berger, of Longford, Kan., asks for the following books: "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Our Mutual Friend," "Old Lady Mary."

H. W. Fooshee of Naples, Ill., would like "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Our Mutual Friend."

Miss Sarah A. Lloyd, of Barr, Arapahoe Co., Col., would like "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Miss Jane S. Methven, of Sublette, Lee Co., Ill., asks for "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Old Lady Mary."

In the April number six copies of "Patience Strong's Outings" were asked for, and three were offered; Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, 1311 14th Street, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. M. Pease, North Hudson, Essex Co., N.Y.; and Mrs. M. A. Glenn, Holloway, Person Co., N.C., are still unsupplied.

Will members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange who go to remote places for their summer vacations kindly report to us the addresses of light-ships, forts, or charitable institutions unprovided with reading matter, where back numbers of magazines and papers would be welcome?

Requests for the *Housewife*: Mrs. H. S. Sloan, Box 87, Clarion, Penn.; Mrs. Belle Blackey, Pelican Rapids, Otter Tail Co., Minn.; Miss Violet I. Cairnes, Midland, Marquette Co., Wis.

"Stepping Heavenward" is asked for by Mrs. Phebe J. Ector, 619 Liberty Street, Winston, N.C.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Millet asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it; else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Millet saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed there.

We have now received enough copies of the numbers of *The Cheerful Letter* asked for by Miss Langmaid and Miss Clarke. Thanks to all who have sent.

Lucy Johnson, seventeen years old, Palmer, Christian Co., Ill., would like to correspond with other shut-ins, and to exchange with them postal autographs. Would be glad to receive pictures and picture cards for her scrap-book, and cards with scripture verses.

(The Silver Cross Circle, South Hingham, Mass., have undertaken to correspond with Miss Johnson.)

LETTERS.

I am a little girl ten years old, living in central Nebraska, ten miles from any town or library. I would like to have some of the magazines and papers so kindly offered through *The Cheerful Letter*. I remain your little friend, Dora B. Beckett, Dorp, Logan Co., Nebraska.

Please accept my thanks for *The Cheerful Letter*, which I received a few days ago, and like it so much. I would like to get a few books or magazines to read, if you will kindly loan me a few. We live on a claim here, and this country is new. Therefore, can't afford a great deal of reading. And I am very fond of reading. I have poor health, and little children to care for, and can't get away from home a great deal; so reading is my only amusement. I will try and take *The Cheerful Letter* as soon as I can. Address Mrs. M. Rhoades, Fleming, Colorado.

My dear Miss Clarke,—The package of *Cheerful Letters* was received last night; and, of course, after reading them, a postal would never do to send you. . . . I think the little paper is just what is needed by women who are forced to lead a life of loneliness on these western ranches. Why, Miss Clarke, you can hardly imagine what such a life is! Sometimes it is almost unendurable; but of course there is the love for one's family, the constant hope of "something better farther on," and "underneath are the Everlasting Arms." I am passionately fond of reading, especially biography and history, but have so few books, and no means to buy more. I am so glad of the opportunity to study history with the C. L. history class, though my

only books on history are "Butterworth's Young Folk's History of America," "Barnes's Brief History of the United States," and "Quackenbos's History of the United States." . . . Last year I pressed nearly one hundred different kinds of flowers, just gathered from the ranch. . . . I hope to send a roll of calico pieces to Miss Welch, of Illinois. She has curvature of the spine, and three years ago she had the grip, and nearly lost the use of her right arm. Her mother has not left her bed for fifteen years, and her father is a hopeless cripple. Just think of that! I used to think that I had "a hard row to hoe," until I began trying to help others, when I found I was blest indeed. Gratefully yours, Jennie Dilley (Mrs. James A.), Hill City, South Dakota.

I feel I cannot keep silent longer, but must write and tell you how much I appreciate the dear little *Cheerful Letter*. Through the kindness of dear Miss — I receive it each month. I think it a perfect treasure, and can only ask God to bless and reward her for her loving kindness in remembering me with such things as I so much needed. God loves the cheerful giver. I can truly say that I have been blessed spiritually and temporally by reading it each month. I live here in West Virginia, with but few conveniences, and but few here to cheer our lonely, painful lives. I have been sick more or less for nearly nineteen years, the last eight a perfect invalid. I sit most of my time in a rocker; am not able to have a wheel-chair. Really, I only need a resting-chair. I will get one later on. I have only to say, Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine. I have five children, of whom all are very fond of good reading. What is the book called "Stepping Heavenward"? is it a novel? I do not read them. I almost forgot to tell you the cause of my sitting up all the time. I have sciatic neuralgia, I cannot lie down at night; must be propped on two bolsters and three pillows. I would be glad to have letters from some of the dear sisters. It gives me untold pleasure to be thus remembered. God bless you in your good work, is my prayer. Yours in his name, Mrs. B. A. Berry, Purgitsville, W. Va.

Dear Friend,—I hope you will not object to a few lines from a poor helpless shut-

in, one who has been confined to her bed for many, many years. I hope you will take me as one of the members of your society. I received a sample copy of *The Cheerful Letter*, and like it *very much*, and hope to be able to subscribe for it some time. I will be happy to receive letters from the society, or any little thing to cheer and comfort a poor lonely "shut-in." I live in the country far from any neighbors. My nearest neighbors live ten and three miles from me. I cannot read much, but will be grateful for letters, and will answer when I am able. I have no children, and am very lonely. I suffer a great deal. I shall be glad of any little comforts, anything to cheer a lonely shut-in, and to know I am thought of in my shut-in life. My love and best wishes. I am your friend, (Mrs.) Annie Graham, Greensburg, Green Co., Ky.

I have felt, dear sisters, ever since I first made the acquaintance of your helpful little paper, that it was my duty and pleasure to say a word of encouragement to you. I was left a widow in 1877, with eleven children, the youngest, a baby boy, only eighteen months old. We lived in that blood-sodden and historic county of Spottsylvania, Va., near by the great battle-fields. My husband, after much prayer and mental anxiety (he was an intelligent, reading man), decided that it was his duty to stand by his country and *flag*. We were depredated by both sides during the war. Our worldly goods "took wings." Husband's health failed in body and mind. He was a victim of that most terrible disease, *cancer*. But the paper mission was a help in God's hand to enable me to rear those children, who are grown up men and women, to be useful Christians. Of the four boys not one ever used tobacco or whiskey. Two of them are ministers of the gospel. Mothers, teach your little ones to read early; create in them a love for books; we have so many now. Don't say, "I haven't the time." When you sit down to nurse baby, have a good book or paper near by to read to the little ones. They will soon learn to beg mother for another "tail" as my little boy spelled it one day. I don't mean to encourage the young daughter and son to read "yellow-back novels." Never. Be as careful of their

reading as you would of the company they keep. I was not able to pay for such literature as we had been used to before the war; but unknown friends at the North sent me much reading matter, and in that day when God makes up his jewels, those that sent me books and papers will get their reward. I make it a rule now to pass on reading matter. I am often asked now by ignorant persons coming from the mountain "hollows," "Can't you give me some papers to paste up in my house? Please give me some with pictures if you have got them. My daughter or son can read, but I can't." I always feel that somebody will read them. There is much ignorance, idleness, and shiftlessness in these mountains. They live by bringing in "fat pine," "cress salad," picking berries in summer, for sale at the little towns and railroad stations. They are hard to come at to teach them. You cannot hire them; they will not stay longer than you get them clean and give them a new suit of clothes. A kind lady friend from Milton, Mass., sends me her *Cheerful Letter*, and through it I receive the *Household* and *Ladies' Home Journal* regularly. I would enjoy any of the magazines. I have read January and February numbers of the *Century*. Would so like to have it all the year. Reading and the love of flowers are my chief pleasures in life. I am still fighting the wolf, trying to educate the three youngest of the eleven. Now, dear sisters, God will help you in your work, and you will not know in this life how much good the Post-office Mission has done. I will be glad to correspond with any sister who may wish it. Mrs. J. G. Quisenburg, Glade Spring, Washington Co., Va.

Dear Miss Clarke,—I thought I would write a few lines for *The Cheerful Letter*. A dear friend of mine has subscribed for it for me, and I have received three copies. I like it very much, and think it will be the means of cheering many lonely hours.

I have been an invalid all my life; am afflicted with asthma. Am a member of the "Shut-in" Society, which is a grand society. I was born in Hudson, N.Y.; am forty-five years old; am a member of the Congregational church; am seven miles from the church, but have Sunday-school every Sunday at the school-house, and preaching every

two weeks. I go whenever I am well enough. I should be thankful for reading matter of any kind. How nice it does seem to have springtime once more after the cold winter weather! I am always shut in entirely in winter, but when spring and summer come I can get out. I keep a few house plants, and they are looking quite nice; some are in bloom now. I do quite a little crocheting, such as lace, etc., and sometimes I am able to sell some, and that helps me quite a little as I am poor.

God watch over and keep all those who are in need of his care, which takes in every one, I think. Yours very truly, Mrs. Sarah Macy, Wanari, So. Dak.

Dear Miss Clarke,—Some kind, unknown friend has sent me some copies of *The Cheerful Letter*, and I am delighted.

I did not know there was such a pleasant little paper in existence.

I am fond of reading, and love to pass it on to lonely shut-ins like myself.

I sell my little book, "Wild Flowers," being fourteen of my own pieces, to obtain material to continue my Shut-in correspondence. Will be glad of the names and addresses of blind invalids. Yours "In His Name," Mollie Meade, Palmer, Christian Co., Ill.

[Our secretary has received a letter, saying, "I do not wish to continue the paper. I have so much reading matter now that I never look at it. I am not a "shut-in," by any means, as I spend a very active life out-of-doors, carrying on a farm and greenhouse." We are glad we have received this letter, as it is the first time it has occurred to us that this mistake could be made, and that busy, active people should think it was for their own sakes they were asked to take *The Cheerful Letter*. We are sorry, however, that this lady did not open one of the papers, and so find out how much good she might do and how much pleasure she might give by sharing a very little of her sunshiny, out-of-doors life with some one who never leaves her room. It would be a delight to many an invalid to hear a little about that farm and greenhouse. One of the most touching and interesting things about the life of the shut-ins is their great enjoyment in the few plants they are able to grow in their windows. Editor, C. L.]

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

What shall we play to-day?

It is presumed that mothers know the value of playing "come to see," with all its variations. By the aid of a little imagination, most delightful journeys may be made and many famous personages be seen. We may go to the mountains, the seashore, cross the ocean, glide along the canals of Venice, traverse London Bridge. If we do this last, let us learn Wordsworth's sonnet, and the song bearing the name of the thoroughfare. Other local bridges may thus be endowed with fascination which will be enhanced by learning to sing Longfellow's "Bridge."

Again, a light pine box, a few strips of board, nails, and a hammer, will make a carpenter, for the time being, of either a boy or girl. Have you a headache, and "can't stand" the noise? Let the children play "doctor." A little sugar and grated chocolate make excellent "powders," and lemon juice dropped carefully into a saucer of powdered sugar makes very desirable "pills," the chief merit being that these drugs will not hurt the young physicians if they conclude to heal themselves. Flour, sand, or clean sawdust might be substituted; but I need not state the objections. An occasional fee, to be deposited in the savings-bank, is an agreeable feature of this amusement.

If real quiet is needed, my special favorite for girls is "paper dolls"; and, surely, the time spent with these is not wasted, as there is a broad field for the exercise of ingenuity, patience, and taste. It must be admitted, however, that this ever-attractive occupation of my own childhood and all kindred amusements must yield to the charms of the kindergarten gifts, not the least of their recommendations being that we shall find in them much to interest the boys as well as the girls. The succeeding articles, therefore, will be devoted to Froebel's gifts, and amusements that are related to them.—*Anna C. Breck.*

My experience with my own children has taught me one most important lesson. I used to tax my invention to provide amusements for them; and I have many a time wondered why it was that some game which I had contrived, and which they had

played once or twice with great zest, soon went out of fashion, and something new must be devised. But now I know where the trouble lies.

What children need to have furnished to them is a *purpose*.

In giving an ambitious boy (or girl) something to do which is to serve merely to keep him quiet or amused, we are feeding him upon husks. What he wants most of all is to do something or make something which shall be *of use*. Here is where he needs suggestion and guidance, for he does not know what will be useful.

A wise father whom I know got his twelve-year-old boy to build a dam near the spring-house, make a water-wheel, build over it a platform for a large churn, and connect the churn and wheel with a belt, so that the former would run by water-power. Nearly all this was done by the boy's own hands, his father helping him only with advice and suggestion. It took the boy a long time; but no *play* half so absorbing could have been contrived. Every minute that he could spare from his school-work and other home duties was given to it; and when at last it was completed and in actual use, can we not imagine, recalling our own youth, the pride and exultation which that day of triumph brought him?

A constant pressing desire of children is to do something *real*. Making real biscuits, and baking them with real fire in a real stove, is what they quickly come to want. "Playing pretend," in which results make no difference, soon ceases to satisfy them. If we are wise enough to find substantial food to satisfy the growing appetite, the child will grow too; his powers and judgment will be exercised, and presently he will learn to "cut out work" for himself.

I am often impressed with how much force is allowed to go to waste in children for want of wise direction. For effective work two things are needed,—motive power and guidance. The child furnishes the motive power,—he is full and bubbling over with it; now teach him how to *direct* that power, and he is not only amused, but *trained*,—to say nothing of the value of what he makes or does.

And perhaps we parents may get a little training ourselves as the same time.—*Mary R. C., Kentucky, in Housekeeper's Weekly.*

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Now that we have made a good beginning, we desire to take another step and grow in usefulness by improving our methods and increasing our work.

Here are some of our plans for the coming year:—

1. We want to gather in a larger circle of *young people* who, being at a distance from school and libraries, have not much opportunity for reading and education, and who would enjoy corresponding with other young people who would like to send them books and magazines. During the summer we shall send to ministers at the West and South, hoping that they will send to our secretary, Miss Langmaid, names of young people living in lonely places who would enjoy such correspondence.

2. In the same way we hope to receive names of mothers of young families living in lonely places on ranches and prairies, and send them interesting books and papers, some of which will be useful in helping them to educate and train their children. This branch of our work we think likely to grow into great usefulness.

3. We hope that an especial point will be made during the coming year of sending good standard books with some system; not that we undervalue the novels and light reading; probably they do more good in their way than we can appreciate. But it is a case of "This ought ye to do, and not to leave the other undone." Circles, clubs, guilds, etc., might do a great deal of good by choosing some good book and offering several copies of that. Such books as Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States," Dr. E. E. Hale's "How to Do It," or Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," or, if a good standard novel is chosen, we suggest "Stepping Heavenward," "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," "The Chaplet of Pearls," by Miss Yonge; several of Walter Scott's best novels, such as "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "The Talisman," etc. Except "Stepping Heavenward," these are all historical novels. They would teach history, and create a taste for historical reading in the most delightful way. It is not necessary to spend much money. Most of these may be obtained at low price. The little book called "Black Beauty" would

be an excellent one for a club to distribute, and that can be procured at from six to ten cents. We will make farther suggestions in other numbers of *The Cheerful Letter*.

4. A more complete organization is desirable. During the coming year we hope to carry on the work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in the following way: We shall have a small executive committee to organize and arrange the work, consisting of about seven members,—secretary, treasurer, secretary of book-club, etc. In addition, a large committee consisting of one member from each branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and holding meetings now and then in order to discuss and plan the work. Individuals who are interested, but do not belong to any branch, may be chosen members of this larger committee. The branches, circles, etc., who are doing Cheerful Letter Exchange work will be entirely independent, arranging their work as they please. But we make an earnest request that for more practical and efficient working they shall during the coming year *report* to our secretaries with whom they correspond, and what books, etc., they send to their correspondents. It will be the greatest possible help if this is done. It is not with a view to limiting any one, but merely that it is necessary, in order to work thoroughly, to know what each branch is doing. For instance: a branch sees the name of some one who asks for correspondence, either in our paper or elsewhere, and begins to write to her and send books. If we do not know it, five or six other branches may also write to her, and when some member asks us for a correspondent we may give her the same name, although that "shut-in's" wants are already more than supplied. Again, some one may ask for books that she wants very much. Perhaps no one sends her any; but we cannot know this unless we can rely on all those who send books reporting to us. If we were notified (by a card to Mrs. Millet) whenever a book has been sent to one who writes directly to the person who offers it, we should know who has been supplied, and would ask again for the others.

We shall speak of other points in some of our succeeding numbers.

L. F. C.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God.—1 John iv. 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, Nahant, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—This is the first number of the year. It would be a great kindness, and would save us much trouble, if our subscribers would renew their subscriptions before July 1. Many members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange subscribe for *two* numbers,—one for the subscriber, one for a shut-in or one not able to subscribe.

Subscriptions may be sent during the summer to Miss Louise Howe, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, or Nahant, Mass.

We have had subscriptions enough to pay our expenses for the year; but, unless they are *renewed*, they will not carry us much farther. A few have subscribed lately, so that their payments count only on the second year; and so it is still desirable to increase our list. The subscription is fifty cents a year.

N.B.—It is only those whose subscription ends with May whose renewed subscription is due June 1. Subscriptions beginning *since* June, 1892, do not expire until twelve numbers have been received.

"What contributions do you desire for *The Cheerful Letter*?"

Answer. First and most, we desire letters from our far-off correspondents, telling us something about themselves,—letters that we may print in *The Cheerful Letter*, signed with the name of the writer.

Next, we want short articles, answering the questions in the Mothers' Council, and on the questions in the Bible Class and History Class.

Third, we want more of our Cheerful Letter Exchange members to offer books in the Book Club, especially good books on American history.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by

writing to Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass. Please give full name and address.

Those who desire to join the Cheerful Letter Exchange, whether to correspond with invalids, young mothers, and lonely people, or to send books, or to *receive* letters, books, etc., are requested to send their names to our secretary, Miss Langmaid. No fee is required for such membership.

The editor regrets and apologizes for the fact that she can no longer answer all the personal letters she receives. It has become impossible.

Will any minister who receives this paper kindly note the request in the letter of the editor on the previous page?

Will the clubs of young people who are willing to help us, including all circles, guilds, King's Daughters Societies, Lend-a-hand Clubs, etc., please to read the letter from the editor?

Will all our readers note the request of Mrs. Millet in the Book-Club?

To become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, it is necessary:—

First, either to be a lonely person, or invalid, a young mother (or a mother of any age, who feels enough interest to desire to join the society), or to be in sympathy with these, and desire to write letters, send reading, or cheer their lives in any way.

Second, to send your names to our secretary, Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass., saying that you desire to become a member.

It is also desirable (although not necessary for *each individual*) to take *The Cheerful Letter*, as this is the medium of communication.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid; our secretary; requests for books and offers of books to Mrs. Millet; and to Miss Clarke only material for insertion in the paper (not Book-Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.

Will all subscribers or receivers of *The Cheerful Letter*, whose copy does not come regularly, or comes not correctly addressed, be kind enough to notify Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.